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MEDALLIONS IN CLAY

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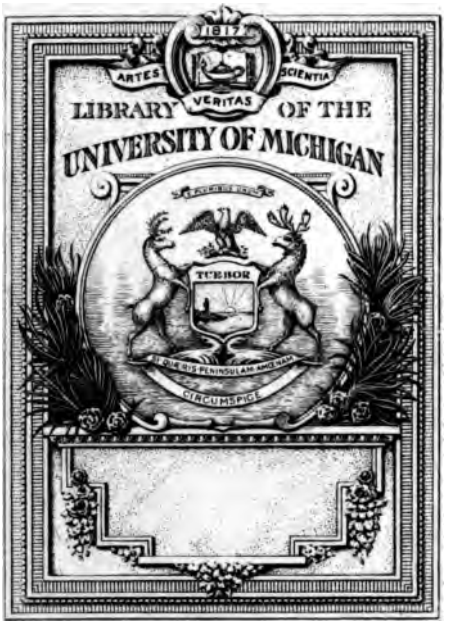
RICHARD ALDINGTON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RICHARD ALDINGTON

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MEDALLIONS IN CLAY

The dust of Anyte crumbled into the Arcadian fields twenty-two centuries ago; the tomb of Meleager, for which he wrote inscriptions with such pathetic self-love, is lost; hardly a memory remains of the happy feasts of cultured Alexandria and even the Humanists of the Renaissance are but names. Time which has dealt so cruelly with their flesh has spared their words and, as I bent above them, trying to re-think their thoughts, to re-live their emotions, I sometimes forgot the poem to think of the poet.

In the imagination I saw you, Anyte, chaste, frail and fierce, a huntress on the hills of Tegea, crowned with cold violets, a lover of lonely forests, one familiar with death, austere, intense and virginal; and you, Meleager, a handsome old drunkard, an Attic Verlaine without a conscience or a snub-nose, boasting your infidelities in suave couplets and excusing your crapulous passions with elaborate conceits, a lover of beauty and the muses, with an incomparable gift of delicate poetry and a delight in flowers; and you, philosophers, lovers, poets, courtezans, merchants and sailors of Alexandria, whosoever you were, the feast is ended, the rose-garlands withered, but the echoes of your songs still endure; and you, humanists of Italy, though you are so far from that eternal glory you coveted so fiercely and so confidently promised each other, your enthusiastic love for greater men has saved your memory from utter oblivion.

The beauty which you created in firm clear Greek or sonorous Latin resembles a frieze of Parian marble and plaques of elaborated bronze; these I have copied in clay medallions in memory of you.

Dead poets, across the centuries a barbarian salutes you.

THE POEMS OF ANYTE OF TEGEA

FOREWORD

Anyte of Tegea is one of the great women-poets of Greece. Twenty-five poems — four of them of doubtful authorship — are under her name in the "Anthology." There are more of her poems in existence than of any other Greek poetess. All that is certainly known of her is that she lived at Tegea in Arcadia in the beginning of the third century B. C. *Antipater of Thessalonika, in his epigram on the nine women-poets of Greece, speaks of "the words of Anyte, the woman-Homer"; and Meleager of Gadara wove into his Garland "many lilies of Anyte." She is also mentioned by Pausanias and Tatianus.*

R. A.

TO ATHENA

Lie there, man-slaying cornel spear; no longer shall the blood of enemies drip from your sinister bronze blade.

Lie within the steep marble house of Athena and proclaim the manhood of Echecratos the Cretan.

TO ATHENA

An ox-great cauldron; Cleubotos, son of Epiaspis, dedicates it; wide Tegea was his home; the gift is to Athena;

Aristoteles Cleitorios made it, who had this name from his father.

TO PAN AND THE NYMPHS

To shaggy-haired Pan and to the Nymphs of the cotes, Theudotos the shepherd lays this gift beneath the rock.

They gave him rest when he was wearied with the burning heat, proffering him honey-sweet water in their hands.

A LOCUST

O shrill locust, Helios no longer beholds you, the singer, in the rich house of Hades;

For now you fly to the meadows of Clymenus and to the wet flowers of golden Persephone.

A LOCUST AND A CICADA

Myro, a girl, letting fall a child's tears, raised this little tomb for the locust that sang in the seed-land,

And for the oak-dwelling cicada; implacable Hades holds their double song.

A BIRD

You will never rise up again with a flutter of thick wings and rouse me from my bed in the morning;

For a thief came silently upon you in your sleep and killed you, pressing his finger into your throat.

A HORSE

Damis placed this stone to his horse after blood-red Ares struck his breast.

And the dark blood seethed through his tough hide and soaked the heavy turf.

A DOG

You died, Maira, near your many-rooted home at Locri, swiftest of noise-loving hounds;

A spotted-throated viper darted his cruel venom into your light-moving limbs.

A DOLPHIN

No more, exulting in the calm sea, shall I rise from the depths and thrust through the waves;

No more shall I rush past the beautiful prow of a fair-row-locked ship, delighting in the figure-head.

The dark waters of the sea dashed me to land and I lie here upon this narrow shore.

A SOLDIER

The earth of Lydia holds Amyntor, Philip's son; he gained many things in iron battle.

No sickness led him to the house of night; he died, holding his round shield before his friend.

THEMISTOCLES

This is not the tomb of Themistocles Magnesius: I was set up as a monument of the envious bad-judgment of the Hellenes.

PHILAENIS

Mourning by the grave of her young daughter, Cleina calls upon her child;

She calls again and again upon the shade of Philaenis who, unwedded, droops by the pale flood of Acheron.

ANTIBIA

I mourn the maiden Antibia, through the fame of whose beauty and wisdom

Many eager young men came to her father's house. Fate, the destroyer, rolls hope far away from all.

THREE GIRLS

We lived together, O dear land of Miletus, spurning the sin of the lawless Galatians,

We, three girls, fellow-citizens, slain by the violent Ares of the Kelts.

We did not stay for dishonourable embraces but found a bridegroom in Hades.

A PERSIAN SLAVE

Alive this man was a Persian slave; dead he is as great as great Darius.

ERATO

Erato, clasping her father with her hand and shedding tears, spoke these last words:

"O my father, I am yours no longer, for now black death lays the dust of the grave upon my eyes."

THERSIS

In place of the happy bride-bed and sacred marriage songs, a mother laid her daughter in this marble tomb —

A girl who had your beauty and your stature, Thersis. And while we yet speak of her you also fade away.

PROARCHUS

Your courage alone, Proarchus, slew you in battle; your death has sent black sorrow upon the house of your father, Pheidias.

Yet this stone above you shall speak the fair word that you died fighting for your dear country.

ENGRAVED ON A STATUE OF APHRODITE

This is the land of Cypris, since it pleases her to gaze for ever from land over the glittering sea,

So that she may bear the sailors safe to land; and the sea quivers, looking upon her shining image.

TO A GIRL

Sit beneath the beautiful leaves of this laurel, and draw the sweet water from the fresh spring:

You are breathless from the heat; rest your dear limbs and let the breath of Zephyrus touch them.

HERMES OF THE WAYS

I, Hermes, stand here at the cross-roads by the wind-beaten orchard, near the hoary-grey coast;

And I keep a resting-place for weary men. And the cool stainless spring gushes out.

THE HE-GOAT

Watch the horned he-goat of Bromius, how proud are the fierce eyes in his shaggy head!

He is proud because as they go together over the hills Nais holds in her hand a lock of hair on his cheek.

THE HE-GOAT

The children give you reins, O goat, and set a purple bridle around your shaggy mouth; they imitate the horse-contests around the God's temple and you carry them along gently and happily.

PAN OF THE FIELDS

"O Pan of the Fields, why do you sit by this lonely shaded wood, playing on your shrill-sounding pipe?"

"So that my young flocks may feed on these dewy hills, nibbling the fair-haired plants."

FOR A FOUNTAIN

O wanderer, rest your tired limbs under this elm; the breeze murmurs in the light-green branches.

Drink a cool draught from the spring. This resting place is dear to wayfarers in the hot summer.

THE POEMS OF MELEAGAR GADARA

FOREWORD

Meleager lived in the first century B. C. *The epitaphs he wrote on himself are the only sources of his biography. From these we learn that his father was called Eucrates and that he was born in Gadara, a city of Syria, about forty miles from Nazareth. He speaks of this place as an "Attic country," presumably because of the cultivated Greek colony which lived there. He went from Gadara to Tyre and ended his days in the island of Cos. He also says that his first poems were imitations of Menippus, or rather satires whose title was "The Graces." These have disappeared.*

Meleager therefore was an Oriental who adopted Greek culture and used Greek as his medium for expression. The difference between his exceedingly rich, voluptuous poems with their decorative phrases and sometimes trivial conceits and the chaste, almost Spartan, simplicity of morals and expressions of a poet like Anyte, is remarkable. Yet there are only two centuries between them.

The epigrams of Meleager are very varied, though the majority are love poems. His delight in flowers is very noticeable and it was he who first made an "Anthology" or garland of poetic flowers from the works of other poets. It might be useful if modern compilers of "anthologies" would remember the illustrious derivation of the word.

One hundred and forty-one epigrams in the Greek Anthology are attributed to Meleager and 128 are here translated. Nine of doubtful authorship are omitted; V. 215 is a duplicate of XII. 19; XII. 57 is a poor echo of another. V. 208, XI. 223 and XII. 86 are obscene. Two lines have been omitted from XII. 33 and XII. 41. This translation is therefore as complete as can possibly be expected, since nine of the fourteen omitted are probably not by Meleager at all and the others

could only be printed in an enlightened country. I have reason to believe that this is by far the most complete translation issued in English. Those who know French and wish to see how a Greek poet ought to be translated should read M. Pierre Louys' translation of a hundred poems of Meleager.

R. A.

MELEAGER'S GARLAND

Beloved Muse, to whom do you bear this many-blossoming song? And who wove this flower-crown of poets? Meleager wrought at it and made it perfect as a gift for remembrance to lovely Diocles, weaving into it many lilies of Anyte and many white lilies of Myro, and Sappho's few, but all roses, the narcissus of Malanippides heavy with song and the young vine shoot of Simonides.

He mingled with them the myrrh-breathing lovely-flowered iris of Nossis, upon whose tablets Love melted the wax, and the sweet-breathing marjoram of Rhianus, the soft virginal crocus of Erinna, the lettered hyacinth of Alcaeus and the dark-leafed laurel bough of Samius, the flowering ivy-clusters of Leonidas and the sharp pine branch of Mnasalcus.

And he gathered the curved plane-boughs of the song of Pamphilus mingled with the shoots of the nut-tree of Pancrates and the lovely-leafed white poplar of Tymnes, the fresh mint of Nicias, the sand-dwelling sea-flower of Euphemus, the black violet of Damagetus, the sweet myrtle of Callimachus always filled with sharp honey, the red campion (Lychnis) of Euphorion and that cyclamen, whose name comes from the twin sons of Zeus (*i. e.*, Dioscorides).

He bound with them the wild grape-cluster of Hegesippus and the sweet-smelling red of Perses, the ripe apple from the high twigs of Diotimus, the first flowers from the pomegranate of Menecrates, the myrrh shoots of Nicaenetus, the terebinth of Phaennus, the tall wild pear of Simmias; and he gathered a few flowers of wild parsley from the virgin meadow of Parthenis, the yellow wheat spikes of Bacchylides from the stubble-field.

a garnering after the rich harvest of the honey-dropping Muses, Anacreon's wild flowers, his sweet song and delicate elegies, and the thistle of Archilochus, sharp-spined, with curled leaves — a few drops from an ocean; and with them the new olive-sprays of Alexander and the blue corn-flower of Polycletus.

He placed with them the amaracus of Polystrates, flower of poets, the young purple cypress of Antipater, the spikes of Syrian nard of the poet whose name is "the gift of Hermes (*i. e.*, Hermodorus), the wind-flowers of the corn-land, Posidippus, Hedylus and Sicelides; and, moreover, the ever-golden bough of the divine Plato, shining afar with beauty. He put with them the palm of Aratus, who was skilled in the stars, whose topmost twigs reach to heaven, the lovely-tressed lotus of Chaeremon, mingling the phlox of Phaedimus with the flexible camomile of Antagoras, the fresh-budding, wine-filled thyme of Theodorides, the bean-flowers of Phanias, and many other freshly-gathered blossoms, to which he added the early white violets of his own Muse.

Now I bring this gift to my friends, for this sweet-speaking garland of the Muses is for all who love the beauty of poetry.

WRITTEN IN WATER

You, holy Night, and you, Lamp, were the only witnesses of the oaths we took; she swore that she would love me and I that I would never leave her; you witnessed our common testimony.

Now she says that the oaths were written in water and you, Lamp, see her in the arms of others!

THE BUTTERFLY SOUL

Eros, if you burn my soul too often in fire, she will fly away; she also has wings, O cruel one!

TIMARION

Timarion, you have a snare in your kisses and fire in your eyes: If you look, you burn; if you touch, you ensnare.

ABSENCE

Pour the wine and say again and again and yet once again say "Heliodora"; mingle that sweet name with the wine.

Give me the flower-crown of yesterday, wet with perfume, in memory of her.

Look! the amorous rose weeps to see her elsewhere, not upon my heart.

THE LIBATION

Pour the wine to Persuasion and to Aphrodite — to Heliodora, and again to the same, to the softly-speaking Grace, for it is written that I should have but one goddess, whose beloved name I drink mingled with wine.

ZENOPHILE'S MUSIC

By Arcadian Pan, you make sweet music on the paktis, Zenophile, by Pan, you strike out sweet music.

Whither shall I fly from you? Everywhere the Loves are round about me; they do not give me time to breathe.

Your beauty strikes desire into me, your voice, your grace, your . . . What shall I say? All of you! I burn with fire.

GIFTS

The Muses, softly playing on the paktis, and shrewd speech with Persuasion and beautiful Eros, the charioteer, gave you, Zenophile, the sceptre of the Desires; and the Graces gave you the three graces.

HER VOICE

By Eros, I would rather have the voice of Heliodora in my ears than the sound of the lyre of Leto's son!

THE FLOWER-CROWN

The crown about the head of Heliodora withers, but she herself shines, the crown of crowns.

A GIRL

Now the white violet blooms and the rain-loving narcissus blossoms and the mountain-haunting lilies are flowering; even the sweet amorous rose of Persuasion, flower among flowers, Zenophile, now blooms.

Meadows! why do you laugh so gaily and so rashly under your tresses? She is lovelier than your sweet-breathing garlands.

THE GARLAND

I will bind the white violet and the gentle narcissus with myrtles, laughing lilies and the soft crocus; and I will bind with them the dark-blue hyacinth and the amorous rose so that the garland about the temples of myrrh-tressed Heliodora may strew flowers on her bright loose hair.

A CONCEIT

I swear that one day soft-speaking Heliodora will conquer the Graces themselves with her graces.

ZENOPHILE'S PORTRAIT

Who has copied for me the sweet-voiced hetaira, Zenophile? Who has brought me this Grace from among the Three?

His was a gracious deed, to give me a Grace, a gift full of grace!

THE MOSQUITOES

Shrill-humming, impudent gnats, suckers of human blood, two-winged night beasts, I beseech you, let Zenophile sleep tranquilly for a little — look, here is my own flesh, devour it.

I implore them fruitlessly. These beasts of prey delight to luxuriate on delicate flesh. But I warn you to cease your insolence, vile beasts, or you will learn the weight of jealous hands!

THE MESSENGER

Gnat, swift messenger, fly from me and when you touch the tip of Zenophile's ear, murmur this:

"Sleepless he waits you, but you sleep, O heavy-eyed forgetter of your lover!"

Fly! Hey, friend of the Muse, fly! But hum gently lest you waken her husband and arouse his jealousy against me.

If you bring her here I will gird you with a lion's skin, O most magnanimous gnat, and I will give you a club to carry in your hand!

TRYPHERA

By Aphrodite who rose from the blue waves, Tryphera is tryphera (voluptuous) also in her beauty.

LOVE THE ARTIST

In my heart Love has moulded sweetly-talking Heliodora, the soul of my soul.

ASCLEPIAS

Amorous Asclepias, with her blue eyes like those of Galene (the Nymph) persuades every one to set sail on the sea of love.

DEMO

Bright-cheeked Demo, another than I is made glad holding you under one cover, and my heart moans within me.

No great wonder if desire holds you even on the Sabbath, for love can be found even on frigid Sabbaths.

HELIODORA'S NAIL

Sharp nail of Heliodora, you grew with Love's help — your scratch reaches to the heart.

THE BEE

O bee, lover of flowers, why do you leave the spring flower-cups to touch the flesh of Heliodora?

Do you mean that she too has in her heart the sting of love, sweet yet hard to bear, yet bitter?

Yes, I think you mean that. Turn and go, friend of lovers; I know it as well as you.

PRAYER TO NIGHT

Mother of the gods, beloved Night, one thing I beg of you, ah, I beg of you, Holy Night, companion in my love-revels!

If any one now lies happy under one cover with Heliodora, warmed by her sleep-cheating flesh, let the torch be extinguished. And let him lie asleep on her breast, another Endymion.

PLAINT D'AMOUR

O night, O my sleepless yearning for Heliodora, O the sharp kisses and tears at hateful dawn, does any trace of my love remain with her, any remembered kiss warm her cold thoughts? Does she remember my tears in her bed? Does she clasp to her breast and kiss a heart-deluding dream shape of me?

Or has she a new love, new caresses?

O lamp, may you never look on such a thing, but be the guardian of her I have committed to you.

THE WINE-CUP

The wine-cup is glad; it has touched (it says) the sweet-speaking mouth of Zenophile, the dear-to-love.

Fortunate cup! O that with her lips upon my lips Zenophile would drink my soul at a draught!

DAWN — WITH HER

Morning Star, enemy of lovers, why do you stand by the bed when I am just warm on the breast of my loved Demo?

Turn back your swift course and become the Evening Star, O you who shed so sweet a light so bitter to me!

Before now you came against Zeus with Alcmene and you are not ignorant of how to turn back.

DAWN — AWAY FROM HER

Morning Star, enemy of lovers, why do you move so slowly around the earth now that another is warm under Demo's bed-cover?

When I held her loveliness in my arms you came swiftly, shedding light as if in mockery of me!

ZENOPHILE SLEEPING

You sleep, Zenophile, a slender branch.

If only now I could enter your eyelids like wingless Sleep so that not even he who enchants the eyes of Zeus should enter you but I alone possess you!

FAITHLESS ZENOPHILE

I know your vows were false. Your hair, still moist with new perfume, betrays your wantonness; your eyes, weighed down with sleep, betray you, and the thread of the garland clasping your hair. Your tangled ringlets have been twisted by a lover — you reel with wine.

Begone, wanton! The lyre of wild feasts calls you and the rattle of shaken castanets!

TO EROS

Terrible — O Love, you are terrible!

What use is it for me to lament, saying again and again: "Love is terrible"? He laughs at me; he is glad to be abused; he feeds upon curses!

It is a marvel to me, Aphrodite, how you who were born from the hoary sea, brought forth fire from water!

A DESCRIPTION OF LOVE

I make a proclamation after wild Love, who flew from my bed this very morning.

He is a child, causing-sweet-tears, ever-talking, sharp, fearless, laughing with wrinkled nose, winged on his back and carrying a quiver.

I cannot tell who was his father, for neither the Air, the Earth nor the Sea would boast of begetting him; everywhere and by every one he is hated. Take care he does not set new snares in your souls!

But look! there he is in his lair. I see you, little arrow-shooter, hiding in Zenophile's eyes!

LOVE AT AUCTION

Let him be sold as he sleeps in his mother's arms, let him be sold! Why should such a wastrel be nourished?

He was born snub-nosed and winged; he scratches savagely with his nails, he laughs and cries at once; moreover he is obstinate, ever-talking, sharp-sighted, wild, and not even gentle to his mother. A complete monster.

Let him be sold. If any merchant, just about to sail, wishes to buy a slave, let him step forward.

But see! he begs, he weeps! I will not sell you! Be happy, you shall stay and grow up near Zenophile.

HE THREATENS LOVE

Now by Aphrodite, I will burn all you have, Love, your arrows and your Scythian quiver; I will burn them!

Why do you laugh like a fool and grin with your wrinkled-up nose and sneer? I think you will soon laugh with a wry face! I will cut off your wings, the guides of Desire, and I will bind your feet with a bronze chain.

Yet I shall win but a Cadmean victory if I keep you too near me, like a lynx in the goat-pastures. Go then, hard-to-conquer, bind on light sandals and fly away on new swift wings!

LOVE'S PARENTS

What wonder if Love, the plague of men, shoots fiery arrows and laughs shrilly with wayward eyes?

Does not his mother love Ares and is she not the wife of Hephaestus and therefore kin to fire and sword?

And does not Thalassa, the mother of his mother, roar savagely under the whip of the winds?

No one knows who his father is. Therefore Love has the fire of Hephaestus and delights in the waves' anger and in the blood-stained shafts of Ares.

THE MESSAGE

Tell her that, Dorcas; tell her everything over, Dorcas, a second and a third time.

Run, don't linger, fly!

A moment, Dorcas! Wait just a moment.

Why do you hurry off, Dorcas, before you have heard all I have to say?

Add to what I said before — or rather (why am I such a fool?) say nothing at all — but only — say everything, be sure you say everything.

What use is there in sending you, Dorcas? I go with you and arrive there before you!

THE FALSE MISTRESS

I know it; nothing has escaped me.

Why swear by the gods? Nothing has escaped me, I tell you. Swear no more useless oaths — I know all.

This was the reason, traitress, why you had to sleep alone?

Did not that notorious Cleon. . . .? I ought to. . . . But why threaten? Out of my bed, at once, evil wretch!

Yet that is doing you a favour for I know you want to see him again. So stay here, a prisoner.

THE REPROACH

Say to Laecenis, Dorcas: "See how she who feigned Love is discovered! Time reveals false love."

(NOTE: This is probably the first couplet of "The Message.")

ADRIFT

The sharp wave of Love, the sleepless winds of Jealousy, the tempestuous sea of revels — whither am I carried? The rudder of my reason has been let go. Shall I see the voluptuous Scylla again?

THE NIGHT WANDERER

O Stars, O Moon shining so beautifully to lovers, O Night and you, small pipe, companion of my feasts, shall I find her still awake in bed, complaining to the lamp? Or has she another beside her?

If so, I will hang upon her door these suppliant wreaths, watered with my tears and I will write on them: "To you, Aphrodite, Meleager, initiate in your mysteries, dedicates these spoils of his love."

A LEARNED JOKE

O stranger, if you have seen Callistion naked, say: "The double letter of the Syracusians is no more." (*i. e.*, her beautiful body is no longer so.)

GIFTS OF THE GRACES

The three Graces gave Zenophile a triple garland, a symbol of triple beauty.

One laid desire upon her flesh and another love upon her body and the third sweet speech in her words.

Thrice blessed one! whose bed Aphrodite prepares, whose speech Persuasion, whose beauty Love.

GIFTS OF THE GODS

Eros gave Zenophile beauty, Aphrodite a love-charm for her bed, and the Graces, grace.

THE LIBERTINE

I swear by the love-filled tendrils of Timo's hair, by the fragrance-breathing, sleep-cheating flesh of Demo, and again by the dear love-tricks of Ilias, by this watching lamp which hears the songs of my revels — I swear, Love, there is but scant breath left in my lips, but if you want that too, speak, and I will gasp it out!

EMBARRAS DE RICHESSE

O hair of Timo, O sandal of Heliodora, O myrrh-breathing mouth of Demarion, O voluptuous laugh of ox-eyed Anticleia, O new-flowered coronals of Dorothea!

Your quiver, Love, conceals no more winged shafts — all your arrows are in me!

LA BELLE HEAULMIÈRE

Timarion, once a well-framed, polished, swift-sailing ship, is now despised by the sea-wandering oarsmen of Aphrodite.

The spine of her back is bent like the sail-yard of a mast, her hoary locks are ravelled out like halyards, her eunuch breasts flap like a slack sail and she has wrinkles in her belly like sea-waves. Below, the whole ship is water-logged, the sea overflows the hull; her knees lurch and quiver.

The luckless man who boards this twenty-oared old galley sails the marshes of Acheron before his time!

LOVE'S IMPORTUNITY

Ever the echo of Love sounds in my ears; in silence my eye sheds a tear to Desire; neither night nor day assuages me. Already through love-spells an impress is marked on my heart.

O winged Loves, do you know so well how to fly to me and yet not how to fly away?

LOVE THE BALL-PLAYER

I cherish Love, the ball-player; he throws to you, Heliodora, the heart which trembles in me.

Let Desire come too as a player; but if you place me away from you I will not endure this breach of the rules of the palaestra!

AN OFFERING

To you, beloved Aphrodite, Meleager gives as an offering this lamp, one initiated in your mysteries.

THE TEMPLE OF THE WAR GOD

Who has hung these strange spoils upon my walls, a shameful honour for the Warlike?

Here are no broken javelins nor crestless helmet nor blood-stained shields. These glittering arms, undinted by steel, are those of a dance, not of a battle.

Decorate a bridal bed with them — the house of Ares holds arms dripping with human blood!

ERINNA

Hades carried off as his bride, Erinna, the girl who sang new songs among the poets, a bee robbing the flowers of the Muses.

Truly it was wisdom when she said: "Thou art envious, O death!"

CLEARISTA

Clearista loosed her maiden knot, wedding no mortal but Hades.

For at night the flutes were shrill at the bride's gate and the doors of the bridal chamber clashed; at dawn they cried out in lamentation and Hymen changed from silence to a mournful wail.

The same torches which lighted the bride-room showed the way underground to the dead girl.

THE LOCUST

O locust, beguiler of my desires, giver of sleep, Muse of the corn-lands with shrill-sounding wings, nature's mimic of the lyre, sing for me some well-loved song, O locust, beating your strident wings with your legs, to deliver me from the pains of sleepless thought, O locust, singer of the music which soothes love!

In the morning I will give you a fresh leek and drops of dew which you shall drink from my lips.

THE CICADA

O cicada, drunken with drops of dew, you sing your country music in solitary places; you sit on the topmost leaf beating out the sound of a lyre with your rough legs on your sun-darkened body.

Now sing some new gay song to the tree-nymphs, shrill out an answer to Pan, so that I may escape from love and sink into noon-tide sleep as I lie beneath this shady plane-tree.

A LITTLE GIRL'S PET

Soft-fleshed Phanion cherished in her bosom me, the swift-footed, long-eared leveret, carried off too young from my mother's breast, and fed me with spring flowers.

I did not pine for my mother, but I died from too much food, swollen with many meals.

She buried my body near her cottage so that in her dreams my grave might seem near her bed.

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

O Tomb, what symbol is this? A fierce-eyed cock stands on you holding a sceptre in its blue-green wings and clutching a wreath of victory in its claws. At the edge of the base lies a die on the verge of falling.

Do you hold some sceptre-bearing king, mighty in battle? But then why the die? And why this simple tomb?

It would suit a poor man who was awakened by the crowing of the bird of night. Yet I think not, for the sceptre contradicts it.

Do you hold a victor of the games who won the prize for swiftness? But that is wrong too, for what would a swift-footed man be doing with a die?

Now I have the real meaning: the palm (Phœnix) does not denote victory but the proud mother-land of the Phœnicians, Tyre the many-peopled, and the cock means that he was a man of song, a poet varied in his Muse and first in the company of Love. His sceptre is a symbol of eloquence; the die which is on the verge of falling means that he died by falling down when drunk.

These are the correct meanings. The stone speaks his name, ANTIPATER, sprung from mighty ancestors.

A HUMOROUS EPITAPH

Hail, Earth, Mother of all! Æsigenes was not heavy on you; be light on him.

A DEAD YOUTH

In your eighteenth year, O Charaxenes, your mother dressed you in the chlamys, a gift for Hades.

And the grave-stone itself wailed when your comrades carried your dead body with lamentation from the house.

Your parents cried no marriage song but a lament: "Alas, for the lost delight of the breasts and vain birth pangs! O Fate, it ill becomes a virgin, herself sterile, to cast the love of a child to the winds!"

To your friends remains longing, to your parents, mourning; to those who hear of you and yet never knew you, pity.

AN EPITAPH IN DIALOGUE

Answer me; who and of whom are you?
Philaulus, son of Eucrates.
Of what country?
Thriasius.
What manner of life was yours?
I was familiar neither with the plough nor with ships but with wise men.
Did you die of old age or of sickness?
I departed to Hades of my own free will, having drunk of the cups of Ceos.
Were you old?
Very.
May the earth lie lightly upon you, who lived your life so wisely!

THE LAMENT FOR HIS BELOVED

I give tears, poor tears, all that is left my love, to you, Heliodora, in Hades under the earth. On your tear-wet grave I lay the memory of our passion, the memory of our affection.

Bitterly, ah bitterly, Meleager mourns his dear one among the dead, her loveliness useless in Acheron.

Ah! where is my beloved olive-shoot? Broken, broken by death! Dust stains the lovely flower.

Earth, Mother of all, I beseech you as a mother, hold gently to your bosom one so bitterly wept.

DAPHNIS IS DEAD

I, goat-footed Pan, live no more with the goats, dwell no more on the mountain-peaks.

What is good, what is pleasant for me now in the hills? Daphnis is dead. Daphnis, who cast fire into my heart.

Now I live in the city; let others go hunting the wild beasts. Pan's old pleasures no longer gladden him.

A TRIPLE DISASTER

There are three Graces and three Hours, beautiful maidens; and I am pierced with the shafts of desire for three women.

Love drew three arrows against me to wound in me not one heart but three.

WATER AND WINE

When Bacchus sprang from the fire, the Nymphs bathed him since he was covered with ashes. For this reason Bacchus is the Nymphs' friend and if you hinder them from mingling you will taste his burning fire.

SPRING

Gusty winter has left the sky and the blue season of blossom-bearing spring now smiles; the dark earth is crowned with light-green grass, the growing plants bear new leaves; the meadows rejoice and drink in the delicate dew of the flower-cherishing Dawn, the rose opens wide.

The happy shepherd on the hill pipes clearly upon his reed; the goatherd rejoices in his white kids. Now the sailors float on the calm seas where the west wind bellies their sails with soft breath; and now they cry "Eua!" to Dionysus, the bringer of grape-bunches — they have bound their hair with clusters of flowering ivy. The bees, bred from oxen, are busy with their beautiful cunning work; in the hive they build up white fresh-flowing waxen honey-combs, pierced with many cells. The birds sing shrilly on all sides: the halcyons over the sea, the swallows around the houses, the swan by the river-bank, and the nightingale in the wood.

If then the plants are gay with leaves, if the earth blossoms, if the shepherd pipes, if the fleecy sheep are content, if the sailors put to sea and Bacchus sets men dancing and the birds sing and the bees labour — why should the poet not sing of beauty in the spring?

A PRELUDE

For you, Aphrodite, Love gathered in his hand this many-blossoming flower, this lovely garland.

He wove into it the lily of Diodorus, the soft white violet of Asclepiades and he bound into it Heraclitus, like a thorny rose. The vine of Dion blooms in it. And he added the golden-haired crocus of Theron and the springing wild thyme of Uliades and soft-haired Myiscus, an ever-green olive shoot, and the lovely young branch of Arates.

O sacred, O most happy island Tyre! In you is this myrrh-breathing, flower-bearing grove of Aphrodite!

LOVE'S CRIME

Eros, pity my entreating Muse and lull my sleepless yearning for Heliodorus. Now by your bow! your bow which does not harm others, but scatters winged arrows against me — if you kill me I will have these words written on my tomb:

"Friend, see the blood-guiltiness of Eros!"

THE CAPTIVE

I am caught too, I who laughed so often at the revels of young men wild with love.

Winged Eros makes me stand before your gates, Myiscus, with the inscription: "Spoils from Sophrosyne!"

NEMESIS

Heraclitus was once beautiful, but his youth has gone. Do not let that make you insolently proud, Polyxenes; Nemesis is swift.

AGE

Theron is no longer beautiful and Appollodotus whose eyes were once bright is now a burned-out torch.

EROS THE GAMBLER

Young Love, playing on his mother's breast in the early morning, hazarded my life upon the die.

THE ABJECT LOVER

I lie here. Set your heel on my throat, fierce god. I know you, by the gods, you are terrible to endure. I know your burning arrows. Hurl your love-brands at me, you will not burn me; I am already ashes.

A COUNSEL OF PERFECTION

Be drunk, unhappy lover, and let Bromius, giver of forgetfulness, lull your burning love!

Be drunk, fill your cup with wine and drive hateful grief from your heart!

ANDRAGATHOS

A fair south wind breathes for the sailors, O unhappy lover, and drags away from me Andragathos, the half of my soul.

Thrice blessed ship! Thrice fortunate waves! And four-times happy wind bearing him along! Would I were a dolphin that he might come to Rhodes, the island of beautiful lads, borne upon my shoulders.

TO THE SHIPS

Swift sea-faring ships which sail through the Hellespont, receiving the fair north wind in your sails, if on the shores of island Cos you see by chance Phanion looking over the blue sea, say to him, beautiful ships, that my love bids me come to him not by sea but on foot.

If you say this, may it bring you luck and Zeus shall breathe a following wind into your sails.

A CONCEIT

Aphrodite denied that Love was her child when she saw Antiochus, another Love among the young men. Cherish this new love, O young man, for this boy is a Love greater than Eros.

THE STATUE

Praxiteles the sculptor made a statue in Parian marble of Eros, modelling the Cyprian's child, and now the loveliest of the gods, Eros, portraying himself, has made Praxiteles, a living statue; so that one among men and the other in heaven direct desires and rule at once the loves of the gods and of mortals.

Most happy, sacred city of the Meropes, you who nourish this divine youth, this new Eros!

MYISCUS

By Eros, Tyre brings forth beautiful lads, but Myiscus outshines the others as the bright sun outshines the stars.

THERON

When I see Theron I see all things; but when I see everything else and not him, then I see nothing.

HERACLITUS AND DIODORUS

Heraclitus speaks silently with his eyes: " I cast the thunderfire of Zeus."

And the breast of Diodorus says: " I melt the stone which is warmed against me."

Unhappy is he who is smitten by the flame from the eyes of the one and by the soft fire smouldering with desire from the other!

AN ELABORATE COMPLIMENT

If this is that Zeus who carried off Ganymede to keep as his cup-bearer then it is prudent to hide Myiscus lest Zeus should carry him off with a rush of wings.

ANOTHER

I do not want Charidamus, for he looks at Zeus as if he were already the god's wine-server.

I do not want him — for how could I gain the victory in love with the king of the immortals as rival? It will be enough for me if, as he goes to Olympus, he keeps as a memory of my affection my tears with which his feet are wet. He may give me one glance from his eyes and a kiss from the ends of his lips.

Zeus may have the rest, as is just; yet, if he wills, perhaps even I may taste ambrosia!

AND YET ANOTHER

I will stand against Zeus himself if he wishes to take you as his cup-bearer, Myiscus.

Again and again he says to me: "What do you fear? I will not torment you with rivals. I have learned to pity desire."

This he says, but if a fly comes near I am in terror lest it should be Zeus the deceiver!

THE VIGIL

Already the soft dawn — and sleepless on the threshold Damis breathes out what little life is left him, for he looked at Heraclitus and under the rays of those eyes he was as wax upon hot charcoal.

Most unhappy Damis, rise up and I who have also a wound from Love will mingle my tears with yours.

THE TESTAMENT

If I die, Cleobulus — for I lie here with the greater part of me consumed with love and the rest in ashes — before you lay me under the ground, sprinkle my urn with wine and write upon it: "Love's gift to Death!"

ZOILUS

If Eros had no bow, no wings, no quiver, no fiery shafts of desire, you could not know by his form — I call the winged one himself to witness — which were Zoilus and which Eros.

ANTIOCHUS

If Eros had a chlamys and not wings, no bow and quiver upon his back, but wore a petase, I swear by the beautiful youth, Antiochus might be Eros and Eros Antiochus.

THE FUGITIVE

O weeping soul, what soft wound of Love burns again in your heart?

O mad with love, do not, by Zeus, stir up the fire glowing under the ashes. O forgetful of pain, if Love sees you and catches you as you fly from him, he will deal savagely with the fugitive!

FIRE!

Unhappy lovers, drinkers of mingled wine, you who know the flame of love, I call upon you to pour on my heart cold water, water cooled with snow — I dared to look at Dionysius!

Fellow-slaves, put out the fire before it reaches my heart.

PHANION

I fled from Love; he kindled a small torch (Phanion) from the ashes and found me where I lay hidden; he did not bend his bow but broke off a flake of fire with two nails of his fingers and hurled it at me.

The flames run all through me. O frail spark which has lighted so great a fire, Phanion, in my heart!

PHANION AGAIN

Love does not wound me with his bow nor does he kindle a fire, as before, to put in burning beneath my heart; but he brings a torch (Phanion) of Aphrodite, scented with myrrh,

from the feasts of the Desires and strikes sharp fire into my eyes; the fire melts me, and this little torch (Phanion) is grown a flame of fir-wood burning in my heart!

SHIPWRECKED

O men, help me! Eros drags me here by force, as I stagger along just landed from the sea. Shining like a torch, he flashed forth in the shape of a beautiful young man.

I walk in his footsteps and, with eager lips, I kiss softly his fair image moulded in the air.

I escaped the bitter sea but now, on dry land, must I pass through a bitterer, the sea of Aphrodite?

THE SUPPLIANT

O wine-drinkers, receive one who escaped the sea and pirates to perish on land!

Scarcely had I put foot on land from the ship when Love, the hunter, dragged me here by force, where I saw a young man walking. My feet carry me swiftly by themselves, against my will. I am drunk but my soul is filled with fire not wine.

Strangers, help a friend a little, help me, strangers, and for the sake of the Eros of hospitality, receive me as I perish, the suppliant of friendship!

TO HIS EYES

Eyes, betrayers of the soul, hunters of new loves, ever caught in the snares of Aphrodite, you seize another Love, as if sheep should seize a wolf or a crow a scorpion or ashes be put on a glowing fire!

Do what you will. But why pour out streaming tears when you return immediately to the same fetters?

You are burned in beauty; you are consumed from below; Love is the great *chef* of the soul!

JEALOUSY

Diodorus is fortunate in his youth, Heraclitus in his eyes, Dion in his voice and Uliades in his beauty.

Do you, Philocles, touch the delicate flesh of the one, look upon the second, speak to the third and so on, that you may know I am not jealous.

But if you turn your eyes upon Myiscus, do not see how beautiful he is!

GOOD WISHES

If the Desires love you, Philocles, and myrrh-breathing Persuasion and the lovely flower-gathering Graces, you will hold Diodorus in your arms, lovely Dorotheus shall sing before you, Callicrates shall sit at your knee, Dion shall warm your drinking-cup holding it carefully in his hand, Uliades shall remove its cover, Philo shall kiss you, Thero shall chatter to you and you shall touch the breast of Eudemos.

If the gods give you these joys, O fortunate one, you will add a spice to the Roman feast!

EXCUSES

Myiscus, whose eyes had stabbed me, me whose breast was never wounded by Desire, said:

"I have overcome this boaster and in disdain I tread underfoot the arrogance of this staff-bearing poet!"

But I sighed and answered: "What wonder? Love humbled even Zeus on Olympus!"

MYISCUS

One beauty is all I know, my keen eye sees Myiscus only; I am blind to all the rest.

He seems to me everything. Do the eyes see thus to flatter the heart?

A MIRACLE

Lovely Diodorus, who cast the flame of desire upon the maidens, is caught by the bright eyes of Timarion; he is wounded by Love's bitter-sweet shaft.

I see a new miracle — bright fire burned by fire!

MYISCUS AND EROS

Beauty shines — see, rays are darted from his eyes. Is it Eros who appears to us as a youth, conquering with fire?

Hail, Myiscus, you who bring the flame of Desire to mortals, who shine upon earth, a dear torch to me!

LOVE A PRISONER

Winged Love himself is a prisoner in heaven, captured by your eyes, Timarion.

AN ECHO OF SAPPHO

Hail to you, Morning Star, O messenger of Dawn!

May the Star of Evening come swiftly and bring back the sweet joy you stole away!

HE ARGUES WITH HIMSELF

The die is cast; come then, I must go on. Take courage, what do you care when you are drunk? I will make merry. Make merry? Whither, O heart, are you turning? What reason is there in love? Act quickly. When does thought precede speech? Much labour of wisdom is a waste. This only I know that Love destroys even the will of Zeus.

HE RAILS AT BACCHUS

I call you to witness, Bacchus, I suffer your outrages. Lead on, begin the carousals; a god directs this mortal heart. You were born in fire and delight in the flame which is in love; once again you lead me your captive, a suppliant!

You were born a traitor and a deceiver; you commanded that your own orgies should be kept secret and yet you would make mine public!

ARISTOGORAS

O Graces, you have looked at lovely Aristogoras and you have been clasped in his soft arms; so he glows with beauty and speaks pleasant things gently and says adorable things silently with his eyes.

May he be taken far from me! Yet what should I gain? Like Zeus on Olympus he hurls his lightnings afar!

THE DREAM

In a dream at night Love brought me under one cover a girl, softly-laughing and still dressed; and as I held her slight body against my heart I gathered to me — vain hopes.

The memory of desire burns me and at night I have ever the fugitive of my dream before my eyes.

O my soul, O unhappy lover, cease to burn in vain dreams for this figment of beauty.

DIOPHANTUS

Pain begins to touch my heart; warm Love, as he wandered idly, chafed it with his finger-tops and said, laughing: "Once more you have a sweet wound, O unhappy lover, burned with the soft and the sharp!"

And then seeing among the young men Diophantus, like an olive branch, I could neither go nor stay still.

ALEXIS

At noon I saw Alexis walking in the road when Summer shears the tresses of the wheat.

Two rays of fire burned me; the first, Love's, from his eyes, the other from the sun which night will soon appease, but in dreams the image of his beauty will but burn me the more.

Sleep, that brings peace to others, brings pain to me, creating beauty, a living flame in my heart.

PASTORAL

O pipes of the goatherds, sing no more in the hills of Daphnis to please Pan, the lover of goats; and, O lyre, interpreter of Phoebus, sing no more of Hyacinthus crowned with virgin laurel.

This indeed might be when Daphnis lived in the hills, when Hyacinthus was lovely to you; but now Dion holds the sceptre of the Desires.

HELLENIC EUPHUISM

Did I not cry to you my soul: "By Aphrodite, unhappy lover, you will be caught, flying too often to the snare!" Did I not warn you? The snare holds you. Why struggle vainly in the toils? Love himself binds your wings and kindles a fire and scatters myrrh on your breathless body, and gives hot tears for you to drink in your thirst.

O heavily-burdened soul, now you burn in fire and now, gathering breath, you revive. Why weep? When you flew to Love's relentless breast, were you ignorant he would feed on you? Did you not know it? Know now the price of over-delicate food, as you endure fire and cold snow. You chose them yourself; bear your burden. You suffer rightly, after what you have done, consumed in burning honey!

THE KISS

I was thirsty from the heat and a lovely-fleshed lad kissed me. As thirst fled far away, I said:

"Father Zeus, do you drink the kisses of your cup-bearer, does he pour wine thus to your very lips? For I have kissed Antiochus, the most beautiful of the young men, and I drank the sweet honey of his soul!"

A COCK CROWING AT NIGHT

Early-singer, evil herald to the sad lover, thrice-accursed, in the night you screech out your din and flap your wings,

proud on your perch, when I have but little of the night for love; and you guffaw at my complaints!

Does your owner enjoy your music? By the high Dawn, you have shrieked your piercing song for the last time!

AMOROUS EXAGGERATION

By Aphrodite, you have said what a god would not dare say in your rashness! "Theron is not beautiful!"

Theron is not beautiful! You only were bold enough to say that and not fear the lightning of Zeus!

Behold in me one who was garrulous like you, whom angry Nemesis shows as a living example of rash speech!

LOVE IN LOVE

Why do you weep, deceiver? Why do you throw down your arrows and bow and droop your twin wings? Surely proud Myiscus must have burned you with his eyes? How bitterly you now learn to endure what you first caused!

THE ANXIOUS VISITOR

She has been carried off!

Who could be so barbarous as to use force, to fight with love itself?

Light torches quickly!

Hark, what noise is that?

Heliodora!

Come back, O heart, to my breast!

A GIRL SPEAKS

He is lovely, sweet and dear to me is the name of Myiscus; what reason have I for not loving him?

For he is beautiful, by Aphrodite, all beautiful; and if he is cruel — Love mingles bitter with the sweet.

LOVE'S SEAMAN

Aphrodite is my ship-owner, but Love governs the helm, holding my soul's rudder in his hand.

Fierce Desire is the raging wind; I swim in a sea of loves!

THEOCLES

A goddess, queen of Desires, gives me to you, Theocles, and soft-sandalled Love brings me naked to you, a stranger in a strange land, governed by Love's unbreakable reins. If only I could make a real friendship with you!

But you reject me, neither does time alter you nor the tokens of friendship.

Be gracious, O king, be gracious! Fate has made you a god and you hold the threads of life and death for me.

LOVE'S WEATHER

The threads of my life are bound to you, Myiscus, and in you is all the breath my soul retains.

By your eyes, your eyes which speak even to the blind, by your clear brow, if you turn to me a darkened eye it is winter for me, but if you look happy, dear spring itself flowers for me!

THE WINE OF APHRODITE

It is sweet to mix honey with wine and sweet to love beauty — if you are beautiful too — as Alexis loves soft-haired Cleobulus.

This is the immortal drink of honey and wine given by Aphrodite.

A PUN

Cleobulus is a white flower and Sopolis dark — twin blossoms of Aphrodite.

Desire follows me, for the loves are said to be woven from black (Melas) and white (agros) *i. e.*, Meleager.

AT SEA

It is wintry weather, but softly-weeping Love drags me from the feast and carries me to you, Myiscus.

Fierce desire is the raging wind — receive me into port, a sailor on the sea of Aphrodite!

NIOBE'S STATUE

Niobe, daughter of Tantalus, hear my voice, the herald of woe, hearken to the lamentable tale of your sorrow; loose the band from your hair, O you who brought forth sons to die by the murderous shafts of Phoebus! Your sons are dead!

But what more? What else do I see? Murder is poured on your daughters! One falls at her mother's knees, another on the ground, one in her arms, one on her breast. One shrinks in amazement as she faces the shaft, another cowers from the storm of arrows; one, whose eye yet lives, looks at the light.

And the mother, whose mouth once was but too free of speech, now, her flesh heavy with terror, has stiffened into stone.

OMNIPOTENT EROS

Though swift wings are fastened to your back and you hurl the Scythian barbs of your arrows, I will escape you, Eros, by hiding under the earth.

But of what use is that? Invincible Hades himself did not escape your power!

THE TOMB OF MELEAGER

Winged young man, why do you hold a hunting spear and a boar-skin? Who are you, the symbol on this tomb?

You are not Love. Does Desire dwell among the dead? He has not yet learned how to weep.

Neither are you swift-footed Time, for he is very old and your body is young.

It seems to me that a poet lies beneath the earth here and that you, winged one, speak his name.

Not without reason you hold a two-edged spear — for grave and gay and perhaps for love verses. Yes, the symbols of the boar-hunter mean Meleager, the namesake of the son of Œneus.

Hail to you among the dead! You wedded the Muse to Love, you made Wisdom and the Graces one!

HIS EPITAPHS

I

My nurse was island Tyre; an Attic country bore me, Gadara which lies in Syria; I, Meleager, son of Eucrates, grew up under the Muses, imitating first the graces of Menippus.

Though I am a Syrian, what wonder? O friend, we inhabit one country — the earth; one chaos produced all men.

In my old age I cut these words on my tablets for my tomb, since old age is the neighbour of death.

Salute the garrulous old man — may you also reach garrulous old age!

II

The famous town Gadara was my first country, but I grew up in sacred hospitable Tyre.

When I came to old age, Cos, which nourished Zeus, cherished me when old as an adopted fellow citizen of the Meropes.

Among the chosen few the Muses adorned me, Meleager, son of Eucrates, with the graces of Menippus.

III

Tread lightly, friend. Here among the good rests an old man, tranquil in the inevitable sleep, Meleager, son of Eucrates, who joined together Love, the giver of sweet tears, the Muses and the happy Graces.

Tyre, daughter of the gods, and the sacred land of Gadara

reared me to manhood and Cos, beloved of the Meropes, cherished my old age.

If you are a Syrian: Salam.

If you are a Phœnician: Audoni.

If you are a Greek: Khaire.

And do you say the same.

FINIS

(At the end of his "Anthology.")

I, the koronis (*i. e.*, "finis"), the faithful guardian of the written pages announce the final boundary stone and I say that Meleager has completed in one work the songs which he gathered from all the poets and from those flowers he wove for Diocles this garland of the Muses which shall endure for ever.

And I, curved round like a snake's back, am placed at the end of this pleasant work.

GREEK SONGS IN THE MANNER OF ANACREON

FOREWORD

Anacreon of Teos was born about 500 B. C. *and died at the age of 85. Nothing of his writings remains except a few epigrams and fragments. These "Anacreontea" are Alexandrian imitations, produced either by enthusiastic admirers or cultured triflers. But since the Greeks did not bother very much about plagiarism it is quite possible that some of Anacreon's own poetry is mixed up with the imitations. At any rate, we have here his "manner," echoes of his songs free from solemnity and dedicated to cheerful carelessness.*

This translation was entirely a "war work," as it was started in a camp and finished, after a long interval, in the village of Taintignies near Tournai. A small and imperfect dictionary was the only one light enough to carry on active service; the translator is aware that this fact, added to lack of practice in Greek during the past years and the general effect of unpleasant surroundings, rendered the translation less accurate and spirited than is desirable. But it is hoped that a reader, familiar with modern writing, will find this humble prose version less repellent than that of Fawkes or those of the contemporary translators whose object seems to be to prove that the Greeks wrote doggerel.

It is perhaps unnecessary to recall that these poems have been extensively imitated by European poets ever since they were first issued by Stephanus. In England Herrick and Ben Jonson produced very delightful versions; Shelley found in them the idea for his "Fountains mingle with the rivers" and Tennyson's "Miller's Daughter" is imitated from "A Lover's Wishes." Moore's "Anacreon" is well known but little read.

I

THE VISION OF ANACREON

In a dream I saw Anacreon, the poet of Teos, who called to me and I, hastening to him, kissed and greeted him.

He was an old man but beautiful; beautiful and one who loved to lie with girls; his mouth was wine-scented and as he stumbled, drunk, love held him by the hand.

He lifted a flower-crown from his head and gave it to me, and it smelled of Anacreon. Like a weak fool I bound it upon my forehead and from that time till this I have not ceased from love.

II

THE SINGER

Give me the lyre of Homer, far from the note of war; bring me, ah, bring me the sacred drinking cup.

I will mix my songs — I will be drunk and dance! In hatred of temperance I will call to the mad wine-bibber with a music of lyres.

Give me the lyre of Homer, far from the note of war.

III

THE PAINTER

Come, dearest of painters, listen to the singing Muse.

Paint the cities for us, paint in them the many-breathing flutes of Iacchus, the gay, the laughing, the playful Iacchus.

And if the wax be firm enough paint on it the deeds of lovers.

IV

THE WINE-CUP

Hephaestus, graver-of-silver, make for me no panoply of war — what have I to do with battle? — but carve out for me a hollow wine-cup.

And fashion upon it for me no stars, neither the Waggon nor

gloomy Orion. What are the Pleïades to me, what lovely Boötes?

But carve vines upon it for me and grape-clusters and the Mænads plucking them; grave upon it a wine-press and those that tread out the grapes, and laughing Pans, the golden Loves, the smiling Cytherean, and with fair Lyæus, Eros and Aphrodite.

V

ANOTHER WINE-CUP

Fair craftsman, make for me a wine-cup for the Spring — mould the silver for me with Spring bearing the first delicate roses and make for me a delicious draught.

Mould on it nothing foreign, no dismal tale, but rather the son of Zeus, our Bacchus Euios!

Beat out the mystic Cyprian of the stream; make clear the unarmed Loves, the laughing Graces;

And below a lovely-leafed blooming vine with fair grape-clusters add beautiful boys if Phœbus will not play there.

VI

ON LOVE

Gathering flowers for a crown I found young Love among the roses, seized him by the wings and plunged him into wine and drank him down!

Now with his wings he caresses my heart.

VII

LOVE AND AGE

The women say: "You are old, Anacreon; take your mirror and look in it — you have no hair, the front of your head is bald."

And I do not know whether I have hair or not, but this I do know: that an old man may well take all delicate pleasures with girls for he draws near to the ultimate Fate.

VIII

GAIETY OF WINE

I know the deeds of Gyges, the King of Sardis; do not tell me of the envy and jealousy of the great.

Tell me to make my hair silky with perfume, tell me to circle my head with roses. Sing to me of today — who knows what tomorrow will be?

Be gay then, drink and love, make offering to Lyæus — lest death should come and say: "Thou shalt not be drunken."

IX

THE WINE-BIBBER

Set me free to drink, to drink at a draught — by the gods! I will, I will be mad drunk!

Alkmaion was mad and white-foot Orestes, who slew his mother; but I kill no one, drinking red wine — I will, I will be mad drunk!

Heracles was mad once, distracted by the terrible quiver and the Iphiteian bow; Ajax also was mad, shaking the sword and shield of Hector.

But I have a wine-cup and this garland for my long hair, no dagger or bow — I will, I will be mad drunk!

X

THE SWALLOW

What shall I do to you, shrill-twittering swallow? Shall I take you and clip your fair wings? Shall I pluck out your tongue, as Tereus did?

Ah! why with your morning songs do you steal Bathyllus from my exquisite dreams?

XI

THE WAXEN LOVE

A young man offered a waxen Love; and I, who was standing near, said: "How much will you take for your work of art?"

And he answered in Doric: "Take it for what you like to give, for it will make you mad with desire. I am not a wax-moulder, but I should not like to live with all-powerful Love."

"Give him to me, then," said I, "give me, for a drachma, this lovely bedfellow."

Love! burn me at once with desire — if not I will melt you in the fire.

XII

THE WINE-BIBBER AGAIN

They say that stately Cybele cried out among the hills in an agony of grief for Attis.

And those beside the banks of Claros, drinking the singing water of laurel-bearing Apollo, cry out and are mad.

But I will take my fill of wine and of perfume and of my mistress —

And I will be mad drunk!

XIII

LOVE

I will, I will kiss.

Love urges me to kiss. And since this is not my desire I was unwilling to be urged.

Love shook his straight bow and gold quiver; he called me to the fight.

I struggled with Love, throwing the breast-plate upon my shoulders, my spear and ox-hide shield, like Achilles.

He struck and I fled. And as he had no shafts he grew angry, hurled himself at me in a glance.

He pierced to my heart and overwhelmed me. In vain I have a shield; for, since he is within me, is he not out of shot?

XIV

THE LIBERTINE

If all the leaves of the trees could be numbered, if the sands of the whole great sea could be counted, I could make you the sole computer of my loves.

Take first from Athens twenty loves and then fifteen more. From Corinth take strings of mistresses, for this is Achaia where the women are beautiful.

Give me two thousand loves from the Lesbians to the Ionians, Carians and Rhodians.

"Why do you talk such folly!"

I have not yet counted the Syrians, not yet my mistresses at Canopus nor all those at Crete where Love riots in the cities.

Ah! why should I count for you those beyond Gadeira and the loves of my soul in Bactria and India?

XV

THE PIGEON

"Beautiful pigeon, whence do you fly? How is it that you are scented and drip with such sweet perfumes as you fly through the air? What are you? What is it you want?"

"Anacreon sent me to his love, to Bathyllus who is now the lord and ruler of his life. The Cytherean sold me for a little song; and I serve Anacreon in all things. Now I carry for him letters like these and he says he will soon set me free. But even if he sends me away I remain his slave. For why should I fly and bestir myself in the meadows and eat wild food in the trees when I now eat barley-grain, pecking it from the hand of Anacreon himself? He gives me wine to drink which he has first tasted himself, and when I have drunk I dance on high and cover my master with the rustle of my wings. And I fall asleep lulled by the sound of his lyre."

"You have all things that are good! Shoo! Get away! You have made me chatter like a crow."

XVI

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

Come, dearest of painters, master of Rhodian art, and paint for me the picture of my absent mistress in the way I tell you.

First, paint her hair soft and black — and if wax can render it — paint it scented with perfume. Above her cheek and under her dark hair paint her ivory temple. Do not cut or entirely join her eyebrows and put in that imperceptible dark shadow about her eyes. Make her eyes of real fire, clear like Athene's, and languid, like the Cytherean's.

Paint her nostrils and cheeks, mingling roses with milk; paint her mouth like Persuasion, ready for kisses. Let all the Graces flutter about the voluptuous curve of her face and around her marble-white throat.

Drape the rest of her in a shaded purple peplum, but let a very little of her flesh gleam through it to show she has a body.

It is enough — I can see her: but a little and the wax would speak!

XVII

PORTRAIT OF BATHYLLUS

Paint for me Bathyllus, the lover, as I tell you. Make his hair bright; black at the roots, yet golden at the ends; and let the free tendrils of his hair lie lawless as they choose.

Let his eyebrow, which is darker than a serpent, garland his dew-soft brow. Let his fierce dark eye be tempered with grace — the fierceness of Ares, the grace of Aphrodite — so that any one who flees from the one surrenders to the other.

Make his downy cheek like a rose-tinted apple. Make the flush of his skin like that of Modesty if you had to paint him. And I know not in what fashion you should make his lips — soft and full like Persuasion; yet the wax keeps all his speech in silence.

After his face set down his ivory throat, surpassing Adonis. Paint his chest and two hands like Hermes, his thighs like

Polydeuces, and his belly like Dionysus; and above his soft thighs, make his smooth sex, the fire near his thighs, already desirous of the Paphian.

Yours is a poor art since you cannot show his back as well. And what shall I say to you of his feet?

Take your money, take whatever you ask. Depose Apollo himself and make Bathyllus, and if ever you come to Samos set up Bathyllus instead of Phœbus.

XVIII

DESIRE

O women, let me drink a draught of Bromius, for now I am wearied with heat and cry aloud. Give me flowers; I will be covered thick with garlands.

My temples burn; where shall I shelter, O heart, from the flames of love?

XVIII b

A RESTING PLACE

I lie by the grove of Bathyllus and a beautiful tree sways with the most delicate shoots of soft leaves.

Beside it a flowing fountain murmurs of desire.

Who then, seeing this resting place, would depart?

XIX

LOVE THE SLAVE

The Muses bound Love in garlands and gave him to Beauty.

And now the Cytherean brings a ransom to have Love set free.

If any one does free him he will not leave but stay; he has learned to be a slave.

XX

THE THREE POETS

Sweet the singing of Anacreon, ah! sweet the songs of Sappho; the mingled song of Pindar pours into me.

And it seems to me that Dionysus and Aphrodite of the sleek body and Eros himself would drink of these three.

XXI

THE DRINKER

The dark earth drinks and the trees drink the earth; the sea drinks the winds and the sun drinks the sea and the moon drinks the sun.

Why, O friends, do you quarrel with me for drinking as I wish?

XXII

A LOVER'S WISHES

The child of Tantalus once stood, a stone upon the hills of Phrygia; and the bird, the swallow of Pandion, was once a girl.

I would be a mirror that you would always look at me — I would be your dress so that you would always wear me.

I would be water so that I could bathe your flesh; I would be a perfume, dear, so that I could touch you.

And I would be the riband at your breast and the pearls about your throat; I would be your sandal that I might be trodden by your feet.

XXIII

THE LOVER'S LYRE

I would like to sing of the Atridæ and of Cadmos, but my lyre sings Love alone upon its strings.

Just now I changed the strings of the lyre and sang of Heracles, but the lyre spoke only of love.

There is nothing left but to say farewell, O heroes, for the lyre sings only of love.

XXIV

WOMEN'S GIFT

Nature gave horns to the bull and hoofs to horses, fleetness to hares and a wide mouth of teeth to the lion, swimming to fish, flight to birds, and wisdom to men, but to women nothing.

Nothing? Beauty is a gift beyond all shields and swords and she who is beautiful conquers steel and fire.

XXV

LOVE'S NEST

Dear swallow, when you come back with the new year, you weave your nest; and in winter you disappear to the Nile or Memphis.

Love builds ever a nest in my heart; one Desire is winged there and another is an egg and another already half-hatched; and ever comes the cry of the gaping nestlings. And the larger feed the lesser loves.

Those who feed straightway conceive others. What is to be done then? I cannot out-clamour all these loves!

XXVI

HER EYES

You talk of Thebes and of the Phrygians, but I speak of my own conquests.

No horse slew me, no foot-soldier, no ship, but a new enemy struck me from her eyes.

XXVII

LOVE'S BRAND

Horses have marks branded with fire on their flanks and any one can pick out the Persians by their mitres.

When I see lovers I know them at once, for they have a small brand within the soul.

XXVIII

LOVE'S DART

The husband of Cytherea by the furnace of Lemnos took iron and fashioned the shafts of the loves.

And Aphrodite took sweet honey to anoint the tips, but Love mingled gall with it.

Ares shaking his thick spear, sneered at Love's shaft, but Love said: "It is heavy; those who have felt it know that."

Ares received the dart; Aphrodite smiled a little. But Ares groaned and cried: "It is heavy indeed — take it from me." But Love said: "Keep it."

XXIX

MERCENARY LOVE

It is bitter not to be kissed, it is bitter to be kissed; but bitterer than all things is to lose one's love.

Love now has no child; O cunning one, old custom is disdained — they care only for money.

May he perish who first loved money! Through him there are no brothers, through him no fathers; enemies, murders, because of him.

And this is the worst — through him we that are lovers are destroyed.

XXX

A DREAM

I thought in a dream that Love with wings upon his shoulders and lead about his lovely feet, sped by and lighted down.

What does this mean? I think it means that after wandering in Love with many I am now taken from all others and bound hand and foot in this.

XXXI

LOVE THE PURSUER

Love flays me with a hyacinth rod and bids me to fight.

I dash through the sharp torrents, the forests and the valleys; and my sweat exhausts me.

My heart leaps to my mouth and I desire death.

But Love brushes my brow with soft wings and whispers: "Can you not kiss?"

XXXII

THE HEDONIST

I would drink, stretched upon delicate myrtle boughs and lotus grass. And Love, with his robe fastened about his throat with papyrus, should serve me wine.

For like the wheel of a chariot rolling life hurries past and soon we lie, a little dust of loosened bones.

Why should one perfume a stone? Why shed foolishness upon earth?

While I live I will perfume my head and bind it with roses and speak the name of my mistress.

O Love, before I leave the dance to go under the earth I will scatter sorrow afar!

XXXIII

LOVE THE WANDERER

In the mid hours of the night when the Bear had turned around the hand of Boötes, and all the race of those who have speech lay silent, crafty Love beat on the fastenings of my door. I called out: "Who knocks at my door? Who are you who break my dreams?"

And Love said: "Open! It is a child, do not be afraid. I am drenched with wandering in the moonless night."

Hearing this I was moved by pity; then I kindled a torch and opened the door and saw a winged child, carrying a bow

and quiver. By the hearth he stretched out the palms of his hands to the fire and pressed the water from his hair.

When he was free of cold he said: "Let me try my bow and see if the wet has spoiled the string." He drew it and struck me in the heart like a sting.

Then, mocking, he sprang away and said: "O friend, rejoice! My bow is unhurt, for you are stabbed to the heart."

XXXIV

THE CICADA

We think you happy, O cicada, since drinking a little dew in the tree-tops you sing like a master. For all that you see in the fields, all that the woods bear are yours.

You are dear to the toiler; you harm no one; you are honoured by mortals, a sweet prophet of summer; the Muses love you and so does Phœbus who teaches you your shrill song.

Old age wears not upon you, O wise, earth-born song-lover! Unpained, innocent of blood, you are almost like the gods.

XXXV

LOVE OF THE BEE

Love did not know there was a bee sleeping in the roses and was stung; he shook his finger and cried out.

He ran and fluttered to the beautiful Cytherean and exclaimed: "I am killed, mother, I am killed, I shall die! A little winged serpent which peasants call a honey-bee, stabbed me."

And she answered: "If the sting of a honey-bee hurt so much, how do you think they suffer, Love, who are stung by you?"

XXXVI

THE IDEALIST

If wealth of gold gave life to men they would die — if only they might cheat and gain.

But since life comes to man unbought why should I groan after folly? Why pursue lamentation? If I am fated to die, of what use is gold to me?

Alas! let me drink, drink sweet wine and converse with my friends and worship the Cyprian upon soft beds!

XXXVII

THE DREAM

Lying through the night on sea-purple rugs, glad with Lyæus, I fancied I saw a swift race stretched on the tips of their toes, with laughing girls and lads more exquisite than Lyæus saying to me heart-piercing things through their beauty.

I tried to kiss them and all fled from my sleep; and yearning in pain I longed for sleep once more.

XXXVIII

PRAISE OF WINE

We will drink wine and sing of Bacchus, inventor of dancing, lover of all wild music! He is like the Loves, he is dear to the Cytherean; through him rapture is born and grace brought forth, through him violence is restrained, through him grief is assuaged.

The graceful slaves bear in wine and all sorrow flies away to mingle with the wind-fed storm; we take wine and drink away misery.

What use is it to suffer anguish? What the end will be, who knows? Life is a mystery to us — ah, let me drink and dance and sleek myself with oil and lie with beautiful women! Grief? I am well enough practised in it!

We will drink wine and sing of Bacchus.

XXXIX

OLD MEN AND DANCING

I love a handsome old man and I love a young man who can dance, but if an old man dances he is old in grey hair and grows childish in his mind.

XL

CARPE DIEM

Since I was born a mortal to travel the track of life I know what time I have passed and I do not know how much I have to come. Leave me then, sorrow, let there be no dealing between us.

I will be gay and laugh and dance with Lyæus before the end overtakes me.

XLI

SPRING

It is good to go a-foot in Spring when the meadows are blossoming and the west wind breathes its sweetest fine air, good to see the grape-shoots, good to walk under the vine-leaves, good to possess a beautiful girl scented with love!

XLII

A FACILE AMORIST

I delight in the dances of Dionysus and I like to play on the lyre with some young fellow-drinker, but most of all I like to bind my head with a hyacinth crown and be happy with different girls.

My heart is ignorant of jealousy; I know nothing of it. I escape its stupid pricks. I loathe drunken squabbles.

Let us enjoy life tranquilly and sing to the lyre with fresh budding girls at very gay feasts.

XLIII

THE BANQUET

We set rose crowns upon our heads, we laugh and drink deliciously.

A fragile girl, with ivy-wreathed hair and a thyrsus in her hand, dances to the lyre. A soft-haired lad plays on the paktis, pouring out his clear voice — sweetness of breathing mouths!

And gold-fleshed Love and Lyæus and the exquisite Cytherean mingle in the banquet of the old men.

XLIV

ROSES

We will scatter the rose of the Loves on the wine, we will bind the lovely-petalled rose on our brows and laugh and drink gaily.

Rose, O loveliest flower, rose, glory of the Spring, rose, beloved of the gods, rose, with whom Love garlands the clear hair of those who dance with the Graces — crown me! I will sing the shrines of Dionysus and dance beside a deep-breasted girl, garlanded with little roses.

XLV

PRAISE OF WINE

When I drink wine, bitter thoughts leave me. Why should I weary myself with tears and anxiety and distress? I have to die and I hate it! Why should I spend my life wandering about?

Drink! Drink the wine-god! Bitter thoughts vanish before him.

XLVI

SPRING

The Graces bear in the roses of glittering Spring; the sea wave softens into laughter, the wild-duck dives, the crane takes flight!

The sun burns clear, the cloud shadows are stirred, the works of men are made plain, the earth looks forth with her fruits, the fruit of the olive looks forth.

The stream of Bromius is crowned with leaves, with young shoots; the fruit hangs with the flowers.

XLVII

AN OLD BRAGGART

I am old and I drink more than the young men; if I want to dance I will imitate Silenus in public and dance with a wine-jar for a staff — a reed is useless.

And if I want to fight I will fight and win too! Slave, bring me a cup filled with sweet honey-coloured wine.

I am old and I drink more than the young men.

XLVIII

A DRUNKARD

When it is the will of Bacchus my troubles vanish; I seem to have the wealth of Crœsus and I long to sing.

I lie crowned with ivy and in imagination I am lord of all things. Prepare, and I will drink!

Slave, bring me a wine-cup. It is better to lie here drunk than dead.

XLIX

THE DANCER

When the son of Zeus, the liberator, the wine-giver, Bacchus, enters me, he inspires me to dance.

And I, the wine-lover, have this pleasure also — Aphrodite applauds me with clapping of hands, with song.

And once more I am inspired to dance.

L

THE WINE-GOD

When I drink wine my heart is aflame . . . and begins to murmur of the Muse.

When I drink, I cast anxiety and good advice to the winds that blow over the sea.

When I drink wine, Bacchus, the freer-from-pain, the bright with wine, leads me into flower-scented air.

When I drink wine, I weave a flower-crown for my head and I sing the laughter of life.

When I drink wine, my body drips with myrrh and I call upon love and sing gaily of a girl.

When I drink wine and my head is a little dizzy from many wine-cups, I am happy with a throng of girls.

When I drink wine, then only do I live. I know what I say is true; death reaches all men.

LI

A GIRL

Do not run from me at the sight of my sea-grey hair; do not, in your full flowering season, deny me your sweets, dear; look how white flowers twine with roses for a love-garland.

LII

THE HEDONIST

Why do you teach me the laws and power of Orators? What do I care for their words?

Teach me rather how to drink the delicate wine of Lyæus, teach me how to be happy with golden Aphrodite.

White hair is my head's garland — slave, bring water and wine! They mingle with my soul.

Do not waste your short life; among the dead there is no love.

LIII

AN OLD FOOL

When I see you among the young men, the very spirit of youth is with me and though I am old I seem to be winged for the dance.

I leap about wildly! Cybele could not surpass me. I would have flowers in my hair.

Grey age be far from me! Like a young man I will dance with the young.

Bring me the life-giving wine of the god and see the strength of the old man who teaches you how to sing, how to drink and how to dance with graciousness!

LIV

A PICTURE OF EUROPA

This bull can be none other than Zeus himself for he carries the Sidonian girl on his back over the wide sea and cleaves the waves with his hoofs.

And no other bull of the herd swims the sea save only this one.

LV

THE ROSE

I will sing of the delicate rose, the exquisite lover of the garlanded spring.

The rose is the breath of the gods, the delight of mortals, the pleasure of the Graces and the Hours, a voluptuous game for the many-flowering Loves; it is dear to the legends and a gracious flower of the Muses — Love brings its sweetness into thorny paths and grasps and cherishes it in soft light hands!

The glory of the rose — was it not made for feasts and the tables of the Wine-god?

Poets call the Dawn rose-fingered; the Nymphs rose-armed; Aphrodite rose-fleshed.

It is dear also to the common people, for it aids in sickness

and wards off disease; it cheats time; and the old age of the rose has the scent of its first youth.

Let us speak of the birth of roses. When the sea brought forth from the foam of the dark-blue deep Aphrodite, dripping with spray; and Zeus brought forth from his head Athena, the lifter of the clamour of war, the terrible goddess of Olympus; then the earth blossomed with the marvellous new flowering of roses, an exquisite birth-gift.

And the high gods who made the rose shed nectar upon the thorn and brought forth the lordly imperishable bud of Lyæus.

LVI

BACCHUS THE VINE-TENDER

The god, who inspires the unwearied man and the young man fearless in desire and the exquisite dancer at revels, has returned — the god who brings a delicate charm to men, a gay drink, the god who loves wine, child of the vineyard, bound up in the fruits of the wine twigs. So when they cut the grape clusters, they are rich and healthy, in the visible body and in the sweet soul until another summer.

LVII

A MIRROR ENGRAVED WITH APHRODITE

Who has fashioned the sea? What wild art poured out the wave upon a mirror? Who, with mind risen to the gods, inspired first by the blessed, has graved the white lovely Cyprian upon the ridges of the sea?

Here she is shown naked and those parts of a woman we should not look at are clothed with the waves. And as she strays through the waves they leap, and as they bear her delicate-fleshed body to the shore of the white calm water she draws the wave after her. A great wave ends between her rose-coloured breasts and her delicate throat.

And, in the furrow of the waves, Aphrodite gleams through the calm water like a lily among violets.

Eros and Desire ride laughing over the silver on leaping dolphins and the chorus of fishes leaps through the waves and caresses the Paphian's body so that she swims laughing!

LVIII

GOLD

Gold, the runaway, flies from me — always, always it eludes me! — flies on swift wind-swept wings. But I do not pursue it. Who pursues hatred?

Gold the runaway has gone; I cast my sorrows to the wind and sing love songs to the lyre. Yet when my soul seems to have learned disdain the runaway suddenly calls to me, bringing a draught of worry, and I lose my delight in the exquisite lyre.

Faithless, faithless gold! You cheat me with your treacheries. But listen! The lyre strings murmur rather of desire than of you.

You, the envious, the deceitful, set love of yourself in men's hearts, but the lyre mingles wine-cups and bridal-chamber kisses and dear desires —

You escape me when you wish and I am scarcely left the music of my lyre.

And instead of our own arts you prefer worthless foreign imitations — a Muse alien to me sounds the lyre for their hearts.

LIX

THE GRAPE HARVEST

Men with girls bear on their shoulders the black-skinned grape-clusters in baskets and throw them into a wine-press where men tread the grapes to set free the must, and beat out the great God with vintage-songs and watch Dionysus seething to lovely youth in the wine-jars.

When an old man drinks it he reels as he dances with wide-swung grey hair.

But a young man, full of wine, who finds a girl's delicate body laid asleep upon frail leaves takes her in sharp love before the bridal-time. He does not take her with words but by force against her will — for in young men the wine-god riots brutally.

LX

APOLLO

I will make wild music on the lyre, not in any contest but for practice by which alone comes the choice flower of skill. As I strike shrill music from the ivory plectrum I will cry out in the Phrygian measure, like the swan of Kaustros singing on the wing in unison with the wind.

Muse, dance also, for the cithara of Phœbus is holy and the laurel tripod.

I sing the love of Phœbus, his useless agony; the girl was chaste, she fled from desire and as she gasped for breath her body changed and grew stiff as a straight-grown tree. And Phœbus who yearned to be lord of the girl plucked the yellow branch to fashion the cithara.

O heart, heart, why are you stupidly wroth with the loveliest of passions? Bring the strong shaft and hurl it to the mark. Loose the bow of Aphrodite, the bow which conquers gods. Imitate Anacreon, the poet famous in song, drink the beakers of wine, the holy wine-cups of speech; let us be consoled by the drink of the gods and flee from the burning star.

Let us shelter from the sun.

LATIN POEMS OF THE RENAISSANCE

FOREWORD

This edition of Latin poems of the Renaissance is just twice the size of that issued in 1915. The principal additions are a much fuller selection from the two "pastoral poets," Andrea Navagero and Marc-Antonio Flaminio and two poems by Antonio Mario. The identity of this last poet is a complete mystery; Ercole Cuccoli in his "Vita di Flaminio" suggests that he is merely an early pseudonym of Flaminio.

No detailed account of these poets can be given in a short space. It must suffice to say that all are Italian humanists of the 15th and 16th centuries, so in love with classic culture that they used its language and form as well as its thought. Imitative though this movement was, it was the soil, so to speak, which produced the Pléiade and our own Elizabethan lyrists.

These sixty poems do not in the least exhaust the possibilities of neo-Latin literature in Italy, but it was thought best to limit the number of poems lest the sameness of manner should become wearisome. Many charming poems have been omitted, notably the longer pieces of Sanazzaro, Pontano, Fracastorts and the Amalthei. Some poets, like Castiglione and the Capilupi, are not even represented, and all writers who, like Tasso, Ariosto and Bembo, are comparatively well-known, have been left out to make room for those who wrote almost exclusively in Latin. Navagero and Flaminio are represented very fully, because they, working from the Anthology and Theocritus, produced a kind of poetry which influenced subsequent writers. Thus, Navagero's "Lusus" were frequently translated by Joachim du Bellay in his "Jeux Rustiques." The same poet's "Antiquitez de Rome" (subsequently put into English by Edmund Spenser) were derived from the poems on Rome placed at the end of this volume. Amaltheo's epigram on the

hour-glass appears in English (without acknowledgment) in Ben Jonson's "Underwoods."

Those who are curious to read more of this almost unstudied literature will find essays on it in J. A. Symonds' "Renaissance in Italy" and in Mr. Ezra Pound's "Spirit of Romance." The bibliography of this subject is extensive; the following are some of the books used for this compilation: the anthologies of Toscanus and Gherus and (especially) the eleven-volume anthology published in Florence early in the 18th century; A. Bonaventura's "Poesia neolatina in Italia," the treatises of Carducci, E. Costa and L. Grilli, as well as complete editions of the poems of Sanazzaro, Navagero, Flaminio, the Amalthei, Buonamico, Calcagnini, Pontano, and Fracastorts. R. A.

Antonio Beccadelli (1394-1471)

ELYSIA

Elysia, most beautiful of golden-tressed girls, what praise can ever define your excellent beauty and merit? For your lips outdo the rose, your eyes the heavenly stars, and your throat the snow: robed, you are Helen: naked, goddess Dian herself. When you speak, though you speak little and that but seldom, you alone seem worthy to speak and to speak often. How shall I make clear to others your able fingers, your duties and accomplishments? You avoid the thousand ways of idleness, and yet among your many labours you sing, O sweetest, and unknowingly steal away a score of hearts with your sweet voice. And though you are rightly the glory and ornament of the lyre and the dance, yet are you seldom at revels. When you do go, putting aside your duties for a little, then Love and the Graces go with you; wherever you pass there is a breathing of violets and roses; and if you pass at night then night becomes day. Whatever praise and beauty belong to the Gods and Goddesses are yours also. And this, too, is happiness, that you, a chaste and very lovely girl, are the pleasure of a chaste and beautiful husband. You are the

glory of women and he of men. May Heaven give you both many years, and may Venus, in spite of your shyness, often join you together.

Giovanni Pontano (1426-1503)

FANNIA

Girl, more beautiful than a soft rose, which the spring winds bring forth and which the Mother of dark Memnon waters with dew in a garden, and which in the early morning decks the boughs, surrounded with wet shining leaves — when Phœbus and his horses have traversed the reddening sky, then the short glory of the flower dies and the tired petals droop; the blossom falls from the naked stem and its short honour perishes.

Thus beauty flowers in its first years. When unlovely age comes on, alas! the shining colour will fade from the golden face and wrinkles will mark it; the glitter of the hair will perish, the glory of the forehead and the white teeth; a narrow breast-fold will hide the unlovely bosom with its drooping breasts: they will shine no more with dawn-like jewels, no longer will a thin girdle enclose them. You will hear no prayers of a sad lover begging at your door; you will see no garlands hung on your door-posts, the gift of an excluded lover; but alone, sought of none, you will spend your nights lying in a cold bed.

Then let us enjoy the sweet and flowering spring of youth and its short-lived flower; after five lustres already age begins and, though hidden, creeps on. Then, O soft wind of my desires, let us live white days and spend unbroken nights, lit by Hesperus at dawn.

THE TOMB OF HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER, LUCIA

You leave your father in darkness, my Lucia; from light to darkness, little daughter, you are taken.

But yet you are not taken into darkness; you leave darkness behind you and you shine in the sun.

I see you, little daughter, in the heavens. Do you see me? Or do I comfort myself with foolish pretexts?

Only this grave of yours I touch, little daughter; no life is left in this poor dust.

Yet if your soul still lives we should think you happy, for you died young.

And we drag out our life through light and darkness. Was it for this alone, little daughter, you were born?

BATHYLLA

When you laugh, you deny me kisses; when you weep, you give me kisses. In sorrow you are kind, in gladness cruel.

My pleasure is born from tears, my pain from laughter. O unhappy lovers, at once hope and fear all things!

Pietro Myrteo (14?-15?)

EPITAPH FOR GIOVANNI PONTANO

To Pontano — who sang in polished verses of you, great stars, and of you, citron-flowers that bloom in Hesperidian gardens — give dew, O fostering stars, and do you, O gardens, give crowns. For ever they will deck his tomb with falling flowers and for ever sprinkle it with dripping dew.

TO ADONIS

Ah, lest Aquilo snatch you from me; ah, lest winter quench your colour; hide away those scarlet lips, O lad.

Ah, lest Aquilo be stronger than I; ah, lest winter snatch your soul from me; hide away those scarlet lips, O lad.

This I fear because I love you and myself. But if harsh fate should take him — Gods, give me grace to follow his soul.

Celio Calcagnini (1479-1541)

THE CALENDS OF APRIL

Ah, lad, weave violet crowns, adding to flowers new flowers, for this clear day brings in the calends of Venus.

See how the birds fly across the sky with much whistling one to another; see how the bees repeat their spring task and revisit the meadows.

And hear how the pilgrim swallow chatters and tells us of her swift return, herself preparing a couch for her young beneath the wonted beam!

OF HELIODORA AND ROSES

The garland of woven roses binds the head of Heliodora, and none shall say if it gives or takes the goodlier grace.

Truly the wreath blossoms redder and sweetlier breathes into perfume; and "Heliodora of roses" the Kharites name the rose.

Andrea Navagero (1483-1529)

RETURNING FROM HIS EMBASSY TO SPAIN

Hail! beautiful land, dear to the gods, hail! fair valleys of Aphrodite. After these many toils of mind and soul I see you again, and make joyful offering that through your favour I may drive away care from my heart. The Graces dip their snow-coloured bodies in the springs of no other land; in no other fields do they weave their garlands . . . (*No more was written.*)

TO THE WINDS

Winds, that speed on light wings through the air and with gentle music sigh through the deep woods — Idmon gives these coronals to you, and scatters these scented crocuses from wicker baskets. Assuage the heat and swirl away the empty chaff, whilst at hottest of the day he winnows his grain.

INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN

The fountain is cold and there is no water more healing. The margin is green with fine grass, and the alders ward off the sunlight with many-leaved boughs. Burning Titan now hangs in mid-heaven and the parched meads glare under the afflicting star.

Stay, wayfarer, since you are heated by the noon sunshine and your languid feet can bear you no further. Here you may rest from your weariness, and grow cool in the wind and the green shadows, and ease your thirst with the limpid water.

THE OFFERING OF TELESON

Teleson gives to Ceres these spikes of wheat, to Lyæus these coronals, and to Pales these two bowls of white milk.

May Ceres foster his land and Lyæus his vines; may Pales grant abundant sweet pasture to his cattle.

TO DIANA. THE OFFERING OF NICONOË

White Niconoë, the only child of Terilla, slew the mountain-roaming beasts with her arrows; and now dedicates this bow to you, Latonian, goddess of groves. Her shafts are laid away in her quiver.

Her mother has wedded her to Icastus and bids her submit to the mastery of an unknown couch. Goddess, if she departs sadly from the deep woods, and with tears no longer frequents your band, be blithe and kindly towards her. By your divine right hand, best of goddesses, make her house gay with children.

TO VENUS

They are one in love — Thyrsis the tiller of yonder little field, and Napæa.

We give undying amaranth to you, Cyprian, and lily-coronals woven for your sacred hair. Surely, Goddess, you will

keep this love unharmed by age, and foster its eternal blossoming. Let it be fresh and white as her breast.

As these two flowers are twined in one wreath may one affection entwine us.

TO BACCHUS. THE OFFERING OF DAMIS

Damis, the vine-grower, consecrates to you, Bacchus, this flowering vine, whose heavy grape-clusters have never disappointed his prayer.

Do not make vain his hope, O lord. Let the whole vineyard glow with fruit.

THYRSIS

Thyrsis loves this oak and this grove above all others; and each year on this day he will bring an offering to them. For in this place he first received the last delights from Leucas.

THYRSIS TO VENUS

At last Thyrsis gathers some first-fruits from his loved Leucas; wherefore he gives these violets to you, holy Venus.

I stole gently upon her where a tree hid me, and took three kisses, but no more, for her mother was near that place.

Now I bring you violets, but if my prayers be fulfilled I will dedicate to you, O Goddess, a myrtle hung with this verse: —

"Thyrsis, happy in love, dedicates to Venus this myrtle and himself and his flocks."

TO DEMETER

Great Ceres, now that the seed is sown, we, the rustic band, dance in unskilled chorus in your honour. Grant that no soaking rain rot the seed, no heavy frost crumble the furrows. Let no sterile crop of useless oats arise, no weed that harms the fair harvest. May the gusts of Eurus not crush the thick standing corn to the earth; may no hail break it; may no greedy birds and beasts of the earth steal the grain.

May the fields return plentifully and with large increase the seeds we have trusted to the well-tilled soil.

So be it. And now we pour forth the narrow-waisted beakers of white milk, and of honey mingled with mellow wine. Let the sacrifice be led three times about the sown fields before the slain beast falls by the sacred altar. And now the rites are ended. After the reaping new honours shall be offered you, and sweet-smelling garlands shall bind your braided hair.

FROM "ACON"

Mighty Mother, you who bring forth all things in the light winds, who shine afar decked with many boughs, who from your breast all-bearing in all lands largely afford sustenance to the trees and the swaying grass, tenderly take up this lad and his dying limbs; out of your might, O Goddess, grant that for ever he live.

So when the new year blows with the West-wind sweetly returning still as a snow-bright flower shall his body endure.

GIROLAMO FRACASTORTS (1483-1553)

FROM LIBER I OF "DE MORBO GALLICO"

Unhappy Italy, how internal strife has lost you that ancient courage and your fathers' rule of the world! Have you a nook which cannot tell of foreign servitude, of spoils, of miserable ruin? Speak, you vine-bearing, unshakeable hills, where Erethenus flows in pleasant streams and with full horns slips into the sea to join the waters of the Euganeans!

O happy land, for long more peaceful than all others, most holy country of the gods, rich in wealth, fertile in men, happy in fruitful fields, swift Athesis and the waves of Benacus — who can remember your calamities and height of your miseries, and who can equal our sorrows, our ignominious submission, our foreign rule? Hold low your head, Benacus, hide beneath your stream, and let no god glide now among your lordly laurels.

WINTER

When the east wind sweeps from the woods, or the clouds of the west fall in rain, the hearth-fire shall glow within doors. The shepherd will bring us beech-logs and split oak; he will throw on the flames olive-boughs and juniper to send sweet scent from the fire.

The lad, Iulus, will be by the hearth; he will play and caress you and talk his broken chatter. I myself will read great Virgil's monument with you.

O too happy we! if, in that little time yet left us, the Fates give us such days together.

FRAGMENT

Among the woods and the shores of the streams, among the still myrtles and the springing laurels, Benacus moves his shining flood. Around the fire the lads and maid-servants sing while the country meal cooks in the swinging pot; crackling flames burn up the great oak logs; grapes hang from the ceiling, apples and chestnuts and an open-bellied pipe (passo fistula ventre). Women, men, and all the children make use of the night. Some are weary with labour; some weave soft baskets from the rushes of Amerius; and an old woman beguiles languid eyes with a foolish tale as she spins the fleece and turns the spindle with trembling hands.

MARC-ANTONIO FLAMINIO (1498-1550)

TO THE MUSE OF SIRMIO

Muse, you who cherish the comely white shore of Sirmio and teach the sacred grove of olives to murmur of beautiful Lesbia — we dedicate to you an altar of green turf and three bowls of honey and bubbling milk.

We call you with entreating voice, Goddess, to the poor but reverent offering, call you to celebrate Hyella on your sweet lyre. There has never lived, in any land, a more beautiful

girl than she, nor will there ever be one more worthy your song.

Then leave the green places and the waves of Benacus. For here the breath of light Favonus murmurs. The air is delighted with the music of birds. The meadows glimmer with flowers. The pure fountains cool the dryads of the woods with glass-clear waters. Thither return the chaste bands of Artemis when they weary of slaying the deer in the sharp burning sunlight.

Come then, O white maiden, and speak your songs to me, so that Hyella may be immortal even as your most lovely Lesbia.

THE PRAYER OF ASTRÆA

Father Pan, old Silenus, two-horned fauns, and you, white band of the Goddess of the Pharetra — my reed-pipe has gladdened you with its music and I have brought you offerings each year.

Spare now, I beseech, the purple grape-berries and do not pluck the golden plums with greedy fingers.

THE STREAM

O Stream, you who rise from the cold fountains of the Nymphs and pass through the woods, if, beautiful one, you come to the garden of Phyllis and slake her thirst, she will give you a hundred kisses which will turn your waters sweeter than Hyblæan honey.

TO PHOLOË

May Venus give you imperishable youth and may no wrinkle ever disfigure you.

After supper, Pholoë, let us go to my mother with little Lycinna and your mother. There we will watch happily beside a blazing fire; and the darkness will be brighter to us than the glittering day. The two old women will gossip, we will sing gay songs, and little Lycinna will roast her chestnuts.

So with pleasant jests and laughter we will spend the hours until the weight of sleep draws down our eyelids.

TO PHOLOË

While the cicada calls shrilly about me, you, Pholoë, lie in fresh sleep. But I have wandered about all night, and now I bring wreathed flowers to your gate. I have kissed the polished lintel where your naked foot touched it, and it is wet with my tears.

Either pity me, or bid me die here, if you will yet be cruel.

TO HIS SINGULAR GOOD LORD, MY LORD FARNESE

Noble Farnese, since you journey near, disdain not to visit your Iolas. The green wood calls you and the chattering waters of the stream call also. The little farm, which you gave, makes ready to greet you.

Noble lad, turn not from this lowly door; remember that Jove himself often visited the huts of shepherds.

APHRODITE

Winter departs; the forest is dressed again with shining leaves and white Flora leads the dances.

The North wind yields to the West. Now, Amaryllis, we can pasture our flocks in the secluded wood and gather the secret pleasures of Aphrodite.

Honour the goddess, deck her with new garlands and let a lamb soak her holy altars!

FÊTE GALANTE

The Morning Star flies from the clouds and the bird cries to the dawn.

Amaryllis, awake! Lead your snowy sheep to pasture while the cold grass glitters with white dew.

Today I will pasture my goats in a shady valley, for later it will be very hot.

Among those distant hills lies a very great valley cut by a fair stream.

Here there are cold rills and soft pasture and the kind wind engenders many-coloured flowers.

Dear, there I shall be alone, and if you love me, there you will come alone also.

THE VIGIL

Thunder! And the whole wood roaring with a vast gale — streams of beating rain!

Night, with sleep-bearing wings, girdled around with awful clouds, darkens the blind earth.

But, conquered by the strength of cruel Venus, I come to keep a vigil at my lady's door. Winter rages; the gale rages overhead; but more fiercely Love rages in my heart.

THE CROWN

At sunrise, my Thestylis, I gather these scarlet flowers into glittering crowns, and while I gather them I murmur, sighing: "Would that I might become as you, my gift!"

THE GIFTS

Thestylis, sweeter than the honey of Hybla, see the gifts I have brought you from the city!

See this yellow gown, these crimson slippers, this coif and this girdle rich with clasps. As I brought them to you, they were seen by Phyllis, who said: "If you give me these I swear by Ceres and Venus to love none but you."

And I swear by Phœbus and the Muses, my Thestylis — and if I lie, be my enemy for ever — that I love no woman but you and that as long as I live you will be my passion.

IMAGE

The flowers spring up in the greensward; the wood puts forth green leaves; the sun shines clearer, the clouds melt from the sky and the snow from the earth.

This is the image of laughing Lygda and thus grief melts from her face.

IMAGE

The bright drops play among the lilies when the shower falls in a film of water. The dew hangs on the roses when the dawn breathes cold and sweet.

This is the image of weeping Lygda — and love burns me with her tears!

NOON

Now that the swift sun burns the pasture in his middle heat, lead your snowy flock to the valley, Ligunia. Here are singing birds; a glittering stream flows from the cave and a shadow falls from the close-set oaks; round about flowers whisper and the air of Zephyrus murmurs with gentle note. Here, delicate one, my pipe shall speak your praises; do you sing the secret delights of Dryads on your reed.

THE VOW

Great Ceres and Pan be my witness, and holy Venus (who makes firm the bonds of lovers) that no day shall sever me from your love, even if one of the Dryads should woo me with sighs. As the East winds beat at this rock with fierce gusts and yet the rock never moves at the blows — so shall my great love remain unmoved and my spirit serve you alone. May the gods grant that we live one in love and that as we live in the one place one death shall strike us both.

THE RENDEZVOUS

Thestylis, if you have any love for your Hycon, then tomorrow when the rising day flashes from the sky, take your snowy goats to the vale of Demeter and — I beseech you — do not linger on the way. But when the sun grows to his greatest heat, come to the cave shadowed by arbutus sprays. I will enter it discreetly, bringing those gifts which Phyllis just now begged for herself — gifts worthy the Nymphs themselves. If you are wise you will come alone to this exquisite place.

ABSENCE

When the breath of warm Favonus brings in the rosy spring, the meadow is gay with many flowers; the beautiful woods laugh; all things are gay and the countryside is shrill with calls of birds. But to me the winter is more beautiful and even spring might come in more sweetly if you were here, my Lygda.

TO DIANA

Moon, jewel of the skies, two-crested queen of the stars, who move high across the heaven — I go to my mistress, the fairest shepherdess that ever pastured sheep.

Grant me light, clear goddess, for fear any mischance prevent this stolen happiness. May you ever shine with your own light, and ever equal the rays of the great sun!

HE LIKENS HIS SOUL TO A FLOWER

As a small tender shapely flower in the breast of the cherishing earth puts forth clear petals if the dew and the rain minister to it, so does my tender soul blossom when the Holy Spirit feeds me with sweet dew.

If this be lacking, it droops as a flower upon barren ground unnourished by dew and rain.

HONORATO FASCITELLI (1502-1564)

THE VILLA ANNIA

Sacred citron-trees of the grove of Annia, sacred spring rippling through the wood, shrine of the quiet sea-beach upon the hill, and you, forest gods and goddesses of the race of Zeus — sadly do I leave you and most joyfully return.

I delight to flee away to god-like idleness in your breast. Either I lie hid beneath the dark tresses of the grove, and in short loose tunic grow cool from the breath of the wavering West-Wind; or beside the murmuring of the rill I sit long and long above its cool mirror, sleepily splashing the alluring water with languid fingers. Sorrow drifts away to the sound of the trembling lute. From the height I watch the mirrored sails of a thousand passing ships. And the Dog-star burns hot over land and sea, and Arctos with his frosts and dreary clouds flies from Hyperion.

Girolamo Amaltheo (1507-1574)

A LEAVE-TAKING

Farewell, sun-smitten mountain peaks, farewell, shady haunts among the valleys: Iolas departs from your recesses. Hapless Iolas! No more will you see the meadows that are so pleasant to the lowing kine with odórous marybuds and marjoram.

Hapless Iolas! Sunk in the cool grass of the sloping hill, you will no longer see the bullocks warring fiercely with their horns.

Not the murmuring of sliding rills, the whispering of ilex-boughs, shall soothe you, nor the wind lure you to the land of sleep.

OF THE DUST IN AN HOUR-GLASS

The dust in the hour-glass which returns again and again upon its narrow path of old was Alcippus. When he looked on Galla's eyes he was as fire; and suddenly from fire he became ashes.

O restless dust, from you unhappy lovers may know that for them there can be no rest.

Giambattista Amaltheo (1520-1573)

FROM "ACON"

The maiden is dying; the glory withers from her rose-red face.

As a purple hyacinth in a secret valley, fed by the Earth our mother, by her drawn up with dew and happy winds — if once the heat of the sky or bitter Auster fall upon it, then, spoiled of the joyful pride of beauty, it droops and dies upon the parched grasses.

Unwonted griefs are in the meadows and the hayswathes rot in the desolate fields. Christ-thorns grow where the violet was. The white lilies wither from the drooping stem. No berries colour the lush river bank; in meadow and wood is neither grass nor leaf.

FROM "CORYDON"

Happy winds, girdled with zephyrs, who about dewy gardens nourish eternal flowers and soft greensward in the returning spring — to you Corydon dedicates this grove of Idalian myrtle and Peneidian laurel, from green turf raises seven altars by the margin of this mossy pool.

Lighten the heat, and with glad murmuring appease the brilliant rays of the burning sun. So may clouds never darken your wanderings, so for you may the sea laugh and the earth.

FROM "LYCIDAS"

Farewell, shapely hills and land known to the nymphs, flowing fountains, caves hung above the fountains, and shadows of the woods, which aforetime brought me sweet idleness and love. . . .

Gentle music of the river shall hush me to sleep no more in the lap of the grasses. No more shall I carve love-songs for Amaryllis — she who of old twined lilies in scented garlands seated under the shady willows among her flocks, or soothed her limbs with gentle sleep. . . .

And you, O laurels, beneath whose fragrant shade my heart burned with strange fire and my reed-pipe blew Arcadian melody — may the careful Spring tend you, may no cold harm you, may no branch be spoiled of beauty.

CORNELIO AMALTHEO (1530-1603)

FROM "PROTEUS"

Golden Aurora had drawn away the shadows; she had hidden the falling stars with the rose-red glow of her face. Then the sun, lifting his chariot from the eastern foam, revealed the great world with his lustrous torch.

Suddenly Proteus rose from the Adriatic waves; and then came Cymothea, shaking free her yellow hair, Hyale, Arethusa, white of arm — Nereids marvelling at the poet.

Like the wind upon the shore, they plucked dark berries,

pale violets, and soft hyacinths; and then they gathered about him, beseeching his song.

And Proteus, sitting in the midst, bade the seas calm their high murmur and the winds of Æolus their sounding blasts. At his bidding the waters were still and the winds of Auster. Then he sang. . . .

Giovanni Carga (Date unascertained)

TO THE VIRGIN OF LAURENTUM

Lady of the great sea — whose star governs the winds from either shore of the sea and shines to mariners when they stretch forth their sails — from your white house at Laurentum calm the Adriatic waves; let your winds give us safe voyaging lest Auster overwhelm us with his storms.

And when we come to the harbour of our country we will fulfil our vows to you with added gifts. Along the whole shore your altars shall be gladdened with praise and incense.

Francesco Franchini (Date unascertained)

LUCIA

I sent you a wreath of flowers gathered from the meadows — dark violets, white lilies, scarlet roses washed in dew. Throw them aside, my Lucia, tear the wreath; you are the lily, the rose, the violet of the world!

LUCIA

I am naked, and naked Lucia holds me in her arms, and, panting, gives me sweet kisses. I am overcome, looking upon her beauty and gracefulness, and it seems to me that I have Venus herself for mistress. Rightly exulting, I say to her: "Beautiful Adonis now yields to me; yield thou also, father of Æneas!"

LUCIA DEAD

Scorn not this little tomb, for it holds no little goddess. Come, and with full hands scatter violets and lilies, give to the dead her due. One of the Kharites lies buried here, though that may be hard to believe — yet, look! where the other two sit weeping.

JACOPO SANAZZARO (1458-1530)

TO ALEXANDER VI. PONT. MAX.

Sextus, we grant that you are a fisher of men — you have caught your own son in your nets.

(*The body of Alexander's eldest son, murdered by Cesare Borgia, was caught in a net by some fishermen of the Tiber.*)

ANGELO POLIZIANO (1454-1494)

SIMONETTA

When la bella Simonetta was borne forth on her black bier, and loveliness still breathed from her dead face, the Love-God seized that hour, when no man dreaded him, to cast a thousand rays from her closed eyes.

He took captive a thousand souls with her form and exclaimed (exulting over Death): "She is still mine." "She is still mine," said Love; "Not yet, O Death, canst thou take her utterly. Even in death she is mine." And then Love moaned, for now he sees no more days of triumph, but of tears.

EPITAPH FOR GIOTTO, THE PAINTER

I am he through whom dead painting lived again. Swift as my hand was, it was subtle. Nature herself lacks what my art lacks; to none is it given to paint more or better.

Do you wonder at the bell-tower that rings with holy bronze? From my design it grew towards the stars. I am Giotto. Why should I count my works? My name can stand in place of long-drawn praise.

ANTONIO MARIO (Date unascertained)

TO VESPER

O star of Venus, gold glory of the night, Vesper, who excellest other stars with thy luminous glitter as the bright sun excels with his shining the tresses of Cynthia, Vesper, do not deny thy white light to me — and kisses — when I lean on the breast of Hyella. Sole friend on my way when all things are darkened in the night, when Cynthia withholds her light from me!

Lust of guile, desire of blood, draw me not forth, but the might of Cupidus, the summer-heat in my heart. Thou art star of Venus, mother of holy love; be thou kindly towards lovers.

THYRSIS

Thyrsis: — Nymphs, who dwell among the waters of the Rhine, Pan, gay keeper of flocks, twi-horned Satyrs, hear me! Grant that Phyllis may love me more than she loves Amynta, or swiftly heal me with death.

Alcon: — O father, O Faunus, often we sang your love; I hung a pine-wreath upon your horns, and when Lydia shall bind your brows with crimson garlands, let her not scorn me for ever.

Thyrsis: — Hills, unshorn hills, soft meadows, Rhine flowing gently by, tell me, did Phyllis teach you to love her when she sang, or did she hurt you with her beauty?

Alcon: — Pools, mossy pools, you touch her face and her white limbs; tell me, did Galatea burn you with the fire of love? Or did she sit upon the green bank, playing with the glass-blue ripples?

Thyrsis: — Whiter than swans, softer than the vine, fairer than a garden with fountains, Iolas, my love, came to me. I sang my love with the slender pipe. He mingled kisses with my singing.

Alcon: — Nobler than violets, gentler than summer air,

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